

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

## AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

### FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

The Values Created by the Community Should Belong to the Community.

### SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.

No Monopolization of the National Resources by Lawless Private Combinations More Powerful Than the People's Government.

### THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.

Every Citizen to Contribute to the Support of the Government According to His Means, and Not According to His Necessities.

### FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.

The Senate, Now Becoming the Private Property of Corporations and Bosses, to Be Made Truly Representative, and the State Legislatures to Be Redeemed from Recurring Scandals.

### FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

As the Duties of Citizenship Are Both General and Local, Every Government, General and Local, Should Do Its Share Toward Fitting Every Individual to Perform Them.

### SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.

All the Nation's Money to Be Issued by the Nation's Government, and Its Supply to Be Regulated by the People and Not by the Banks.

### SEVENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

Organizations Powerful Enough to Oppress the People Are No Longer "Infant Industries."

## NO LACK OF DEMOCRATIC ISSUES.

Senator Thomas C. Platt is despondent regarding the future of the Democratic party. It "has only one issue—silver," he says. "That has been repudiated by the whole country."

Mr. Platt is unduly modest. There is another issue that will be of marked service to the Democracy in the next campaign. It is Mr. Platt, with the principle of Republican boss-rule that he represents. Government by Platt, Quay and Hanna—there is an issue good enough for anybody.

But there are plenty of others. For instance here is one:

### PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

Another is:

### DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.

A third:

### A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.

A fourth:

### ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.

A fifth:

### NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

A sixth:

### CURRENCY REFORM.

A seventh:

### NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

The Republican party has kindly contributed some others. One of them is the scandalous mismanagement of the War Department under Alger. Another is the alliance of the McKinley Administration with the worst element of the Republican party in every State.

Mr. Platt need not be alarmed for the Democracy. In the matter of issues for 1900 it has an embarrassment of riches.

BAD,  
BUT MIGHT BE  
WORSE.

The Legislature has passed the Governor's amendments to the Ford Franchise Tax bill, but the Democrats succeeded in securing a most important and beneficial alteration. They obtained the insertion of a proviso that the deduction of the present percentages on gross receipts from the new franchise taxes should be made only when the percentages were actual taxes, and not when they were rentals established by contract.

The Journal had pointed out the iniquity of the proposed wholesale exemption so clearly that even the Republicans in the Legislature did not venture to oppose the Democratic demand. The incident shows what can be done by a minority that knows that it is in the right, even when the majority is moved as one man by an unscrupulous political machine. The Democrats have carried off the honors of the extra session.

JUSTICE  
AND  
SYMPATHY.

We regret to observe that a contemporary, which has offered a reward of \$1,000 for the discovery of the kidnappers of the Clarke baby, does not approve of the Journal's offer of \$2,000 for the return of the child. Concerned itself with nothing but the interests of justice, it considers it a matter of minor importance whether the baby is killed or the mother goes insane.

It is all a question of the point of view. The Journal is looking at the matter just now from the standpoint of the bereaved family. It wants to restore that baby to its half-crazed mother before either one of them suffers any further harm. After that it will gladly assist in the capture of the criminals.

The Journal believes that it is primarily the duty of the police to catch criminals, although it has done some rather effective work in that line itself when occasion demanded. It discovered the murderer of Gul-tin the woman, and he was duly executed. In this case, if the baby is found and returned through the Journal's offer of a re-

ward, it ought not to be very difficult for the police after that to catch the kidnappers. If they need the Journal's help in that enterprise it will be willingly given. But the urgent thing now is to get back the baby.

SHORT  
SIGHTED  
INSURANCE  
COMPANIES.

Austin Devereux died of lockjaw, caused by a gunshot wound accidentally inflicted. While crossing the East River on a ferryboat his gun was discharged, the load entering his ankle. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where tetanus followed amputation, death resulting.

Devereux carried insurance in a number of accident companies, the policies amounting to \$12,500, which would be doubled in case he was injured on a train or ferryboat. The agents of these companies swarmed like vultures about the hospital after being informed of Devereux's injuries. They were represented by a surgeon, who watched the amputation of his foot.

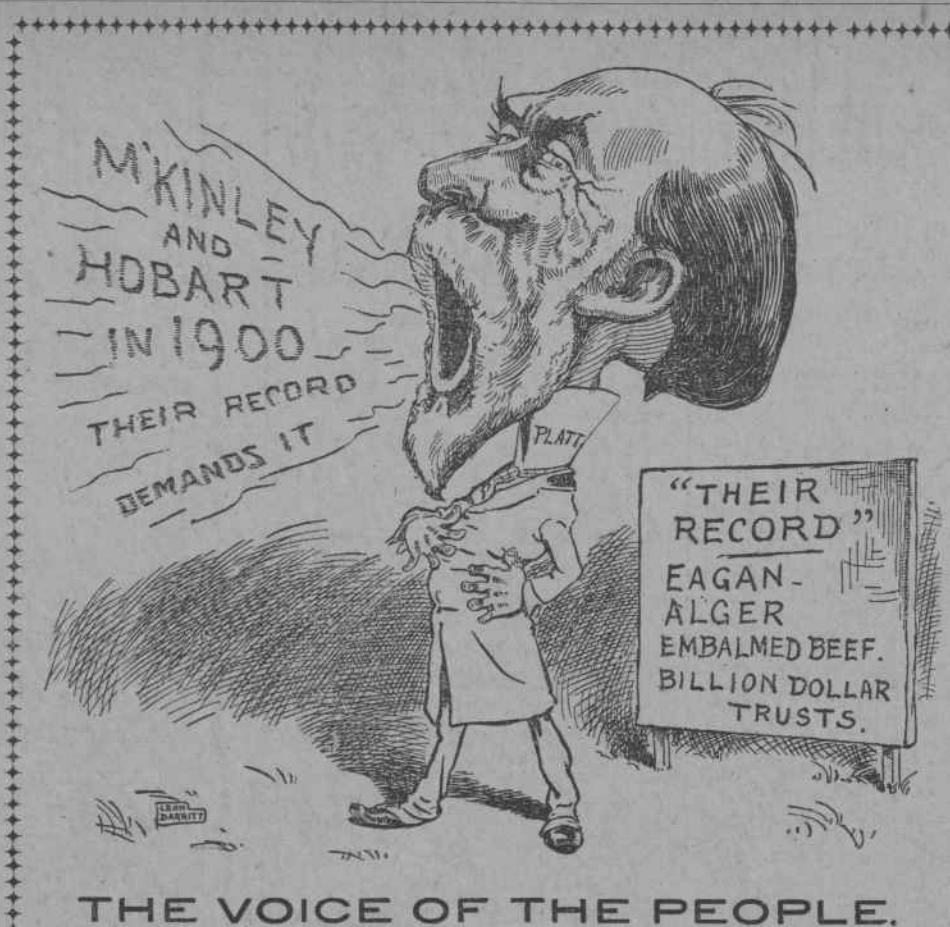
The companies have now combined, and will contest the payment of the policies on the ground that Devereux shot himself intentionally. This is the usual plan of the average accident insurance company. Never pay a policy in full if there is any way to harass the beneficiary—especially if it is a woman—into a compromise, and never pay a cent of it if there is any way to evade doing so.

If these companies were half as eager to meet their just obligations as they are to place policies, there would be more reliance placed in this class of insurance.

TOO  
MUCH  
PATIENCE.

Johanna Mock has earned a unique distinction. She has been decorated with a golden cross by Emperor William because she has served faithfully for fifty-five years as a cook in the family of Supreme Court Justice Eichholz.

This devotion to duty shows good qualities, for instance, and he was duly executed. In this case, if the baby is found and returned through the Journal's offer of a re-



his subjects; but it is a shame that one possessing such qualities of patience and industry as Johanna Mock's should be compelled to work hard for more than half a century without gaining independence.

Americans like good servants and are quick to appreciate their virtues, but we are glad to think there are few American women that would be content to remain cooks for fifty-five years, even to get a medal from an Emperor.

NO LEISURE  
CLASS  
IN AMERICA.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis in a recent sermon in Brooklyn remarked: "The industrious poor will become well-to-do; the thrifty well-to-do will become wealthy; the leisure classes are certain to increase."

What does Dr. Hillis mean by "the leisure class?" It seems curious, but he really means the class to which J. S. Mill, Pitt and Gladstone belonged. He calls the fellows of Oxford and Cambridge, from among whom a James Bryce, who wrote "The American Commonwealth," arose, and who are endowed each with \$2,000 a year, "a leisure class." In that sense we agree that it is desirable to have a large leisure class in America.

But this is not the popular meaning of the term. A "leisure class" is generally understood to mean a class of men who have so much wealth that they can enjoy all the good things of this life, and who do no useful or serious work because they do not need to do it. Between such men and tramps there is really no essential difference; only the accidental one that the one class have visible means of support and the other not.

It is in the highest degree desirable that both classes should be eliminated from society and disappear as soon as possible both in America and elsewhere. Meanwhile we should do all we can to shame the men of the leisure class into doing something useful.

What we should aim at as our ideal is to make all our men into workers either with hands or with brain, into capable specialists, so that every one can do something, whatever it be, that is useful to society better than anybody else in his particular neighborhood, and yet also into all-round men, so that everybody may be fit to fill his niche in a complete democracy. Our grand ideal should be to have an educated working class, and a sympathetic class of thinkers, capable of being the directors of labor. It is her thinkers and her energetic men that have created England's greatness.

We do not want any man to own a thousand million dollars—toward which state of things we are fast progressing—that will mean one man owning by the means of tenures the lives of millions of people, and then our democracy will be fast declining.

Dr. Hillis is right in saying that in the great South and West multitudes assemble, lighting the flames of class hatred, that threaten "to sweep over the land with the force and fury of an advancing conflagration." But we differ from him as to the character of these multitudes. He thinks they are very different from "the good men that in past times rose up against the Bastille, the Inquisition and the dungeons of despots." No, good Dr. Hillis, they are men of the very same kind. They have come to self-consciousness. They are no longer satisfied, as were their forefathers, with "the lot in which it has pleased God to place them." They believe that God is not responsible for their condition. In that they are right. Our present system is responsible. But they make the mistake of fixing the responsibility on certain individuals and certain classes.

And you, Mr. Hillis, confirm their mistake.

### The Journal a National Paper.

[Milwaukee News.] It has been said with considerable truth that New York takes a narrow view of affairs beyond its immediate boundaries and that, though the metropolis of the country, it is extremely provincial.

The New York Journal, the leading paper in many respects of the country, does not restrict itself to the narrow limits that characterized its contemporaries before its advent into the field of journalism. This may be accounted for by the fact that its publisher and owner is a Western product. The Journal is a national paper, and being such, is not cramped and confined to recording the petty doings of Father Knickerbocker.

### Our Amateur Training Schools.

"It is wonderful what courage and vigor our volunteer soldiers have shown in this war." "I don't think so. You know how we all get fuddled and knocked around on the American trolley car."—Chicago Record.

This question was asked yesterday of many of New York's prominent ministers:

"What is your opinion of the character of personal advertisements now appearing in the New York Herald?"

The answers were dissimilar. Some expressed disgust for the Herald, others contempt. All, however, united in expressing amazement that the "holier than thou" policy of the Herald permitted it to pander in its columns to the lowest and most sensual human passions beneath so thin a veil of words. The general sense of these ministers was that the evil would not be so great if the personal advertisements were more carefully worded. But, as they declared, there was not even an attempt to clothe them in the decency of obscure language. As they appear to-day, they leave nothing to the imagination.

The attention of these ministers was also called to the fact that the Herald commonly prints its religious notices upon the same page with its "personals." Whether this is an ingenious device for displaying instantly to the eye a wide range of human morals, or whether it is purely a coincidence, none of these ministers could say. They did, however, deplore this feature, and it is this that will be, possibly, a prime factor in discontinuing this branch of the Herald's service to its patrons.

In answer to the Journal's query, the Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur dictated and signed the following statement:

To the Editor of the Journal: I have felt for a long time surprised that the New York Herald should print these notices so obviously immoral. Many persons regard the New York Herald as an able newspaper, and they have been equally surprised, amazed and grieved that it should continue the publication of notices of this character. This matter has often been discussed in social clubs and in clerical circles, and occasionally great plainness of speech has been used to express indignation that the Herald should continue this practice.

No man thinks that the New York Herald needs the money that these advertisements bring; no man can suppose for a moment that the Herald is ignorant of the purpose that underlies these notices; nor can any one of any intelligence be in doubt as to the motive that leads these advertisers to publish such notices. But all thoughtful citizens are in doubt or amazement as to the motive which leads the New York Herald to be the medium of such communications.

These notices in the Herald are certainly subversive of all true morality. It would seem as if the time had come when appeals should be made to the nobler instincts of the managers of the New York Herald begging them to no longer use their columns in this way. I should be glad for one to know that they had finally decided, from motives of self-respect, never again to sell their columns with advertisements of this character, and I shall rejoice in any movement which would bring about such a result.

"Where you at Anne's tea yesterday?" asked the girl with the dimples.

"Yes, but I stayed only a few minutes. Tom was with me, and he looked—"

"Unhappy? Pshaw! that was nothing; so did all the other men. I once saw a picture called 'On the Eve of Execution,' and the prisoner looked exactly like a man at an afternoon tea. However, the lions seemed to enjoy it. I wonder how Anne manages to get so many when she entertains!"

"Oh, they gladly come for nothing, because they know she is rich enough to pay for it. Tom calls her house 'The Jungle,' and—"

"But how did you induce him to come, when?" "We were on the way to dine with his mother, and he could not refuse me that small consolation. When we reached the house Tom told her that we had just seen the lions feed. Sometimes I think Tom is a good deal like his mother," sighed the tall brunette.

"Well, it was a lovely tea," said the girl with the dimples; but somehow I've felt sort of worried ever since. Anne is queer, you know. I once ran out to ask her if she was hurt when she fell off her wheel, alighting on her head, and somehow she has never seemed really fond of me since. But I do like to go to her teas; there is always a chance that her lions will say something one can repeat and—"

"I know it; but be careful to whom you repeat it. You remember that reception she gave to Omar Mushley, the poet, do you not? Well, I was there, but he seemed sort of reserved when I was introduced to him. However, I heard that he told one of the guests that he felt sure he had known her in some past existence. Now, I had told Aurora that I expected to meet him, and when I came in late at her dinner the next evening I tried to placate her and make myself agreeable to the guests by repeating the remark as if it had been made to me."

"Oh, well, it didn't make any difference. You—" "It wouldn't have, dear, but for the fact that the woman across from me was the real recipient. She had just finished telling about it when I came in."

"Dear, dear," sighed the girl with the dimples; "it really doesn't pay to try to be agreeable to people; they are so ungrateful. Now, I heard an awfully funny story at the club the other day. It was about a woman who somehow got hold of one of her husband's love letters, and—"

"Oh, pshaw! That is an old story. Every woman keeps her love letters to—"

EIGHTY-SEVEN paintings, sold by auction in the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries last night, brought \$2,200.50. They were passable, they were insignificant, they were absurd. The ancient ones had colors effaced and lines awry.

The auctioneer had no illusions about them. He gave none. Of a Madonna attributed to Carlo Dolci, Mr. Silo said, "If you can prove that it is by Dolci, bring it back." It brought \$25. Of a "Serenader," attributed to Veronese, that brought \$5. Mr. Silo said, "The price proves that the work is by Veronese."

He got \$12 for a "Drinker," attributed to Teniers the Younger, \$17.50 for a "Mother's Pride," attributed to Terberg, \$20 for a "Place San Marco," attributed to Canaletto, \$20 for a "Holy Family," attributed to Tintoretto. The prices were amazingly high.

"If you find that these works are by the masters named as their painters," Mr. Silo said, in advance, "bring them back and your money will be returned to you." He made in that phrase the ablest criticism of the reverence for works of the old masters that may be invented.

There is nothing ancient. Everything that lives is modern—Caesar as well as Napoleon, Ghirlandajo as well as Whistler. In the view of a real lover of art all works are to be judged from the point of view of to-day.

We have no experts who may declare authoritatively that Tintoretto painted or did not paint the "Holy Family" that brought \$20 in the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries last night. There are experts who may make an authoritative declaration to that effect in Europe, but their authority depends on a convention. They are directors of national museums; therefore they ought to be infallible. Every one knows in his heart of hearts that they are not. They may say whether a painting be the work of a good workman or

not. That is all.

Certain paintings are works of genius, undoubtedly. The evidence is in themselves. Others have documentary evidence of having been made by men whose names are historical. The documentary evidence should be valueless. It is as easy to forge an autograph and seals of magistrates as to forge a picture. Tintoretto, Canaletto, Teniers the Younger and the others painted bad pictures undoubtedly.

It would not be astonishing if they painted those that were sold in the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries last night. George Inness painted "A Golden Day," which in the same sale brought \$420. In a century the experts will say, "It is an imitation, a bad imitation. Inness was incapable of working so badly."

There are golden clouds on an impossible lilac sky. There is a brown tree in the background of a mass of foliage of Venezuelan gold color. It is not an Inness of genius; it is an Inness out of humor. But it fetched \$420 because there was not a doubt about its authenticity. Mr. Silo said: "I would exchange that picture of Inness for this landscape of Staten Island that fetched \$18." This was an art lover's criticism. It was imperatively just.

There were two portraits of the English school of the eighteenth century that brought \$30 each; one of the seventeenth century that brought \$14; one portrait of the Spanish school of the sixteenth century that brought \$11; another that brought \$10; one of the Flemish school of the sixteenth century that brought \$15. Documents signed by magistrates gave evidence of their authenticity. Mr. Silo said: "They may be used for gallery or as prizes to target shooting companies."

He reminded one of Valere's aphorism, "It is not difficult to make money with great goods. There is merit in making money with insignificant goods." Mr. Silo had the diplomacy of Bismarck. He said that his cause was bad, and he made it triumphant. It was the most audacious sale of the season.

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

SHOCKED BY  
THEIR IMMORALITY.

The Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters, of the Bloomingdale Church, had no hesitation in condemning personal advertisements of the type published in the New York Herald.

"Such notices," said he, "are a menace to the morals of our children, who have no developed power of discriminating between right and wrong. They should be forbidden, and I wonder that the law regarding them is not enforced."

Having said this, Dr. Peters wrote and signed the following statement of his views:

To the Editor of the Journal: In reply to your inquiry as to my opinion concerning a "personal column," I answer that it is of an immoral nature there is but one opinion among all lovers of decency—and that is, regret and condemnation.

Madison C. Peters

The Rev. Dr. George Hepworth is the director of the New York Herald's religious policy. A Journal reporter asked him this question last night at his home in the Chelsea:

"As the religious moderator of the New York Herald, do you consider its publication of its personal column compatible with your views of morality and religion?"

In reply, Dr. Hepworth said:

"I consider it an impertinence of the Journal to ask me to criticize the newspaper with which I have been connected for twenty-six years. I will not answer that question."

Here are a few personal advertisements picked at random from the columns of recent issues of the Herald:

A SWELL, lovable young woman of leisure and breeding contemplates travelling and Summer outings, desires friendship of generous, wealthy gentleman, with true heart; ultimate marriage if congenial.

STYLISH, bright young woman would like to meet elderly, refined gentleman owning horses; matrimony.

TALL, slender, particular young lady refinement desires friendship cultured gentleman fond driving; matrimony.

A YOUNG lady of refined tastes and habits would fully appreciate the acquaintance of a gentleman well to do, cultured and discreet; view matrimony.

ARISTOCRATIC, divorced lady, 30, \$15,000.00 over right, would marry conscientious gentleman simply for Pure Love.

ATTRACTIVE, cultured Parisienne (27), desires small financial assistance; home loving, wealthy elderly gentleman.

A GENTLEMAN wishes acquaintance with young lady; one that enjoys travelling and desires a home; matrimony, A. H.

A STYLISH, petite, lovable young governess wishes acquaintance generous, wealthy gentleman; matrimony.

## STIRRED UP THE WRONG LION.

### THE TRAGEDY OF A PINK TEA.

Thackeray Jones, the novelist, and the heroine of his last book might have been drawn from me, so we were sure to get on beautifully.

"H'm, I hope you looked out for danger; it is not like Anne to be so nice, even when she wants a favor."

"N-no, I didn't think of that. Of course, I am not vain, but I couldn't help being sort of pleased."

"So you went early to the tea?"

"Why, yes, I did, but the rooms were filled already."

"I could have told you they would be. People go early to a lion tea so they can tell about it at the other places."

"M'h'm. Anne wasn't nearly as nice to me as she had been in the morning. She just introduced me to her lions in the most casual way, so I couldn't tell which was which, and nobody could tell me."

"So you had no chance to talk with Mr. Jones?"

"She thought I would not, but I didn't mean to loan Anne my best and most inflammable candle shades and get nothing in return. I just waited until she was occupied with some newcomers. Then I went back to where Mr. Jones was standing."

"But how did you know which one was?"

"Intuition, dear; that is never at fault. I gave him my sweetest smile and said: 'I am sure that you and I will be great friends. I am told that I resemble one of the characters in your last book so much that it might have been drawn from me!' Oh, Natalie, he acted so oddly! He shook that bushy, black head of his and then went off into a paroxysm of laughter. I am afraid there is some mistake."

"I am afraid so, too, dear. The man with the bushy, black hair is Professor Despe, author of 'Idols and Their Peculiarities'."

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Success.

Ernestine St. John, as her name would indicate, was the child of wretchedly poor parents; but she was ambitious.

At the age of seven she left school, and at eighteen accepted a position in a department store.

At twenty-five she was able to marry a Hungarian duke, for spot cash.

That is to say, no ambition is too lofty for an American girl to entertain, providing she is brave, frugal, industrious, capable, honest and very beautiful, besides having tact.—Detroit Journal.

Dewey's Double Event.

"You Americans boast of your Admiral Dewey, yet he is the hero of only one great victory."

"Two, blame you—the one before breakfast and the one after breakfast!"—Chicago Tribune.



THE BRUNETTE—But how did you know which was the lion?

THE GIRL WITH THE DIMPLES—Intuition, dear, that is never at fault.